

Luck and Pluck of a Boy's Career

By Margaret E. Sangster.

WHICH factor does most for the boy, luck or pluck? Doubtless favoring opportunity helps to success in many cases, and doubtless, again, there are those who never get on whether or not circumstances seem propitious. A little poem by E. R. Sill sets forward the truth. Somewhere a battle was raging and a coward, skulking alone and hiding behind others, said to himself: "If only I had such a sword as the king's son carries, I should be in the thick of the fight, but what can I do with this blunt thing?" Thereupon he throws away his broken sword, which later the king's son, hard beset and surrounded by foes, picks up and gallantly wields, dashing down the enemy and winning the day. There is a lesson to take home.

Opportunity is utterly useless unless there is character back of it, and the great trouble with many boys, and many men, too, is that they depend on some fortunate turn of events, and do not boldly take hold of their fate and conquer opposition.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, That taken at the flood leads to fortune. But there are men who have found good fortune with the ebb of strength, health and poverty, and to whom the tide has come after they have left the shallows and found the deep. When you come to examine a life history you generally find that the apparently lucky person, at some stage or other, was extremely plucky. Take any example you please, whether from the ranks of business or from the professions, and you will discover that hard work and an indomitable will will tell for good in the end.

In the everyday matter of looking for a business position, the boy who secures a foothold on the ladder where he may rise round by round is considered lucky. Such a lad may come from the high school into an office, and may make himself, by exactness, obligingness and responsibility, indispensable to his employers. Three instances of this occur to me at the moment. One bright little chap entered an unbusiness office as a bellboy, having had no opportunity to go farther than the highest grade in the grammar school. He was alert, respectful, accommodating and receptive at every pore, always early at the office and never late, and to leave it when his day's work was done. He cultivated a memory for faces and names, and soon knew by sight the authors and artists who were habitués of the place. He attended evening classes, improved his education, studied stenography, and step by step, rose in the house, until he became a confidential clerk and finally a trusted literary adviser, with a knowledge of the business possibilities of a book which was little short of intuition.

The second boy of a strong desire to go to West Point, but who was a little below the regulation height. Somewhat reluctantly he abandoned thoughts of a military career, and began life in the office of a merchant in grain. From the outset he availed himself not only of every chance to be useful, but of every chance to serve his employer and to learn all that he could of the business in its various phases and ramifications. He is still a young man, not yet at the meridian, and is himself a grain broker with an enviable record for probity and integrity, and a seat on the produce exchange in a large city.

The third boy, a widow's son, entered a bank when very young, doing whatever he was told, and receiving the little wages in the bank. He rose step by step, through the grades, until he was cashier, and is now president of a bank, and looked up to by scores of men in his own and neighboring towns. Instances like these may be multiplied, but they are by a combination of sterling qualities which are in the reach of every boy in the land.

A few years ago a lady notable for her homeliness was ill one summer with nervous exhaustion; she lamented that she could not do as usual make her preserves and jellies and jams, and more than once spoke bitterly about the shelves that would be empty in the coming winter. Her son, a youth of 17, quietly said to his father: "I will make the fruit, the sugar and the fuel I will make my mother's preserves this summer." The father consented. The boy did the work with the deftness, judgment and thoroughness that distinguished his mother and so astonished her that, when another year came round and he proposed making a start in the business of fruit preservation for winter use, no objection was made to the trial. With a friend and a blended capital of less than \$1 the young fellow began. He and his friend took orders C. O. D. and, to make a long story short, filled every order so well that the people in the little village grew proud of the local prodigies. Last year they had a business netting them thousands of dollars in profit. They have a factory, a salesroom and a force of trained employees, and have arrived at the beginning of what will prove a very large success. It has been almost a dark and rainy day, but it is due not

half so much to luck as to consummate pluck.

The boy who would succeed in anything must have some of the quality of the man in the famous rhyme of Mother Goose:

There was a man living in our town
Who was so wonderful wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

Many little things help a boy or a man. Foremost among them is a habit of promptness. A boy who slouches along without ambition or quickness makes a bad impression. A boy whose hair is unkempt, whose clothing is slovenly and whose shoes are unbrushed conveys an idea of shiftlessness which no amount of wit will overcome. Equally unfortunate for any boy is a scent of stale tobacco about his clothing. Life is a place of struggle. Whatever you do, do it with discrimination and difficulty must be fully armed at every point and well trained.

Boys are averse to discipline, but it is discipline which gives the advantage in the long run. Nobody should be content to remain in the awkward squad; nobody need think that a winning personality, a quick apprehension or even a good elementary education will avail much unless there is stamina. The responsible plodder gains more substantial advantage than his brilliant competitor who flares up like the rocket and comes down like the stick. Who has not seen the fellow who never gets beyond a certain point, who begins well, but soon falls out, while others outstrip him? The president of a great railroad said to me: "The constant difficulty is to find men who are efficient and who can expand, who can be trusted with anything large, and whose ability is equal to their ambition." Until the end of time there will be plenty of room at the top of every profession known to men. You reach the top by resolute climbing, by letting go no inch of advantage and by subordinating every secondary aim to the one which with you is pre-eminent.

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At the Waldorf-Astoria in New York Oscar once notified a man well known to the wife of a certain well known multi-millionaire who was sitting at a table, had looked two of the handsomest women in the room over and suggested that Oscar had made a mistake.

"If you will go back of his chair and glance at the spoons protruding," said Oscar.

And so it was. She had tucked the spoons away in the bosom of her blouse, but had not done it well enough to completely hide them.

"Don't pay any attention to it," were the words to Oscar. "We can't afford to notice it."

There is a certain fashionable young woman, known to a wide and charming set, who, on her "at-home" days, has on her table one dozen "souvenir" spoons of gold or silver, all beautifully wrought.

Souvenirs of what? Why, of hotels where she has dined, at her own expense or as a favored guest, and each spoon has been loaned from the table.

She is very proud of them, and shows her souvenir case of spoons to everyone, always telling the details of her stay at each hotel, and the names of the waiters who served her.

It is very probable that the waiter knows as much about it as she does; and it is also probable that her hostess had the bill for the spoons included in the check for the food.

Towels by the Dozen.

At one of the most exclusive cafes at Atlantic City the waiters are made miserable by having to prevent the looting of tiny whisky and brandy

articles, but the men promptly and vehemently denied taking them.

Another told that he had taken a piece of napery and asked the manager to send him a bill for all of it included in the check for the meal.

The only possible way to manage some of the large dinner parties was to carefully watch just what looting went on, then have a bill for all of it included in the check for the meal.

When this had been done no protest was made from the ones who had to foot the bill. The extra amount was paid without asking for an explanation. No word was said on each side.

About 9:30 o'clock in the evening on Monday night one head waiter said to another: "The man who washes silver has gone home for the night. There is no more need of him, for there is no more silver left to wash."

If the general public doesn't understand or appreciate that we are going through an epidemic of fashionable looting the men who run hotels and restaurants know it well enough. They are all on the lookout for it now, and trust no one.

A Case at Waldorf-Astoria.

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ceramics, which are brought in for high balls. The women will take them.

"How darling they are," is the comment. "They would make fascinating little cologne bottles, with silver stoppers."

So often they go into the shopping bag or the blouse or the pocket.

As for the towels, these go by the dozens. Women don't loiter to use them, and they won't take any that haven't the name of the hotel embroidered or written across the end. There is a mania now for collecting souvenir towels which only stop at taking these from the bath racks at houses where one is a private guest.

These women make soft cushions for their bedrooms out of the towels, fashioned so the hotel name will come across the top as a decoration.

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MEN! HERE'S AN OFFER

SUPPOSE YOU ARE A WEAK MAN.

You've doctored and doped till you are sick of it all.
You would pay for anything that would give you
back your old vim.

You don't want to pay out any more
money till you are sure.

I will cure you or forfeit \$1,000.

Is that fair? Then get in line.

I know what I can do, because I've done it and am doing it every day. I am sure that Electricity is the life, and that I can restore it where it is lost. So if you need what I offer, let me hear from you.

And when you do say my name, don't let a short season of drugging, and how much more pleasant. You put my Belt on when you go to bed, you feel the soothing, exhilarating vigor flowing into your weak body, and while you sleep peacefully it fills you full of the fire of life. You wake up in the morning feeling like a giant.

Now I can't cure everything. I don't claim to, and I won't take a case that I don't feel sure of, but all these troubles which come from an early waste of vitality, or from any kind of disordered system, or from a weak or from any organ, stomach, liver or kidney weakness, I can cure, and those are the cases I am willing to take.

I am curing them every day. Here are a few men who recently answered "cured":

Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir—I wish to say that I feel like a new man since wearing your Belt. In every way I feel like a new man. My Belt is giving good satisfaction.
Park City, Utah.
Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir—I have worn your Belt for the last month, and it has given me entire satisfaction. I am seventy years of age, can do any work, walk from six to ten miles, and come home at night feeling well and fresh. I will gladly recommend your Belt. Yours very truly,
Filmore City, Utah. JESSE TEE.

Tell me where you are, and I'll give you the name of a man in your town that I've cured. I've got cures in every town.

That's enough. You need the cure. I've got it. You want it. I'll give it to you or you need not pay me a cent. Come and get it now. The pleasurable moments of this life are too few, so don't throw any away. While there's a chance and don't let it pass. I'll give you the name of a man in your town that I've cured. I've got cures in every town.

I've got a beautiful book full of good, honest talk about how men are made big and noble, and I'll send it to you free, sealed, if you'll send this ad.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 931 16th St., Denver, Colo.

"I AM COMPLETELY CURED"



W. A. COOK, M. D.

This is the Unanimous Declaration of All Afflicted Men Who Are Dismissed by Dr. Cook, the Only Specialist in Utah Who Permanently Cures

STRICTURE,
BLOOD POISON,
VARICOCELE,
HYDROCELE,

Also Piles, Rupture, Nervous Decline, and Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate Gland.

MY METHODS are the result of ten years spent in the largest Hospitals of New York and Chicago, Teaching, Post-graduate Schools, Dispensaries, etc., and on the walls of my reception rooms hang my Diplomas and Credentials—tokens of my ability and learning, which assure every man treating with me of a safe and perfect cure.

DR. COOK'S
Digestive Dissolvent Irrigation, a Sure for
STRICTURE

A PAINLESS, SOOTHING METHOD, CONTAINING NO CAUSTICS OR ACIDS. IT DISINTEGRATES AND SEPARATES THE STRICTURE, REDUCES ALL INFLAMMATION AND SORENESS AND GIVES INSTANT RELIEF FROM THE TORTURE OF DIFFICULT URINATION.

Stricture is a contraction or adhesion of the walls of the channel. I have observed during an extensive practice of many years that the most general cause of the complicated and serious cases that have presented themselves to me for a cure was the use of caustics furnished by some inexperienced person. Other causes may be injuries, abuse, excesses, abnormal condition of the prostate, piles, etc.

Neglected or badly treated, Stricture is most progressive, soon involving in its destructive course the entire genito-urinary system. The patient may have a stricture, which at the same time he suffers from inflammation of the bladder, prostate, or it may extend to the seminal glands themselves.

My method of curing Stricture is by a digestive and absorbent irrigation, which by its dissolution by local treatment of the substance connecting the abnormal stricture growth to the walls of the channel, at once cleans the walls and leaves it soft and free without resorting to old-time surgery and harsh measures. I visit every man who has tried various patent remedies and bougies to investigate my treatment thoroughly, as I have never accepted a man for treatment who failed to absolutely cure it directions are followed.

BLOOD POISON VARICOCELE

Venereal Blood Poison, however contracted, or if inherited, is one of the worst of all diseases of which a man is capable. Though no organ or tissue of the body is exempt from its ravages during its course, yet in some of its most deadly stages it is so quiescent that the patient and physician are lulled into a false sense of security and thereby allow it to insidiously undermine the entire being, to such an extent in many cases that the VOCAL CORDS, ROOF AND INTERIOR OF THE MOUTH AND OTHER hidden portions of the body are destroyed, the INTERNAL ORGANS, including the DIGESTIVE TRACT, affected, DEPRESSING THE NERVOUS CIRCULATION OF THE HEART, PARALYSING THE STOMACH, BLADDER, LIVER, KIDNEYS, TESTICLES, and often accompanied by HEADACHE, CREEPING, PARALYSIS, INSANITY, LOSS OF MANLY VIGOR, MELANCHOLY and serious other PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND NERVOUS diseases. Never ceasing in its deadly action, it suddenly flares forth, perhaps after years, without warning, manifesting a broken, strangled, wreck without hope of relief except that brought by its Gracious Destroyer—Death.

What is the reason for such a dark picture? It is because the medical profession generally, believing there is no cure, or are they loath to treat it because of its effect on their clientele? I consider my method of curing blood poison as the crowning effort of my career. And a large number of men whom I have completely cured after they had been shamed by medical treatment, and who had been told that it was a makeshift to the Springs cure, means an annual cure, accompanied by a large expenditure of time and money—the large number of cures I have made bears testimony to the INFALLIBILITY OF MY SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT.

My treatment acts rapidly upon the diseased blood cells, neutralizes the poison, and builds up the necessary parts that expel the effete matter from the system, cleansing it thoroughly and completely. It completely restores the blood, the bones, the tissues, the nerve fibers, and the whole system are cleansed, purified, and restored to perfect health and the patient prepared anew for the duties and pleasures of life.

A QUICK, PAINLESS METHOD THAT CURES WITHOUT OPERATION, LOSS OF BLOOD AND WITHOUT INTERFERING WITH THE USUAL OCCUPATION.

Varicocele is an enlargement of the veins in one or both sides of the scrotum, often likened to the touch of a bunch of bunch of angle worms or small intestines. The causes of this condition are many, among the most common of which, in their order of frequency, may be enumerated the following: RUPTURE, EXCESSIVE INJURIES, RELAXATION OR ELONGATION OF THE SCROTUM, PARALYSIS, etc. This condition almost always produces a DULL, DRAGGING PAIN in small of the back, POOR MENTAL, IRREGULAR OR PALPITATING HEART, the patient gets DIZZY, HEADACHE, EXCITED EASILY, feeling of SHAME, EMBARRASSMENT, WORRY about nothing and finally WASTING, ATROPHY, LOSS OF FUNCTIONAL POWER, affecting the whole body, causing loss of strength, both bodily and mentally. This is where the pain and nervous system is affected, often resulting in INSANITY. Thousands of men have treated with different methods without success, until they have come to think there is no cure, because surgery always weakens the claim, while those advertised methods that cure merely by removing the clotting and stagnant blood are worse than useless. The cure is only brought about by removing the cause, which lies in weakness of the nerves regulating the supply of blood in the spermatic veins, allowing the walls of the veins to distend and sag. My treatment at once invigorates and overcomes this cause, rebuilds the run-down parts, dispels the poisons and backwash and puts new life into the patient from the very start. The time requisite to effect a cure depends upon the severity of the case, but is very short in all cases and no harmful measures whatever are resorted to.

CURE OR NO PAY—ABSOLUTELY NO FEE IS CHARGED UNLESS SATISFACTION IS GIVEN. Every patient is given a written guarantee to refund every dollar paid for services if they do not receive a complete, lifelong cure and entire satisfaction, and I have made a deposit in the Utah National Bank to secure my contract that is not fulfilled.

CONSULTATION FREE, CONFIDENTIAL AND INVITED. Successful treatment at home after one personal examination. Terms are always made so reasonable as to suit the convenience of anyone applying for treatment. Do not treat elsewhere until you have investigated my methods and terms. Office hours during the week: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 9 to 12:30 p. m.

COOK MEDICAL CO. 116 SOUTH MAIN ST.